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INTRODUCTION.....

Tucked deep inside the earth's womb, a tiny seedling prepares to push its way through the birth canal of life. Moving up and down at a steady rate, the newly formed plant emerges through the rich, brown soil. The seedling, young and inexperienced, must fight the forces of nature to maintain its primitive existence.

Shiny, green, and tender, the young leaves of the plant feel the warm caress of the sun. The plant lifts its leafy arms for the sun's kiss of life. With roots planted firmly in the soil, the plant begins to feed itself and grows in height and strength. Within a few weeks the plant has reached adult size, but its learning is still in progress.

Presumably enjoying its warm environment, the plant does not anticipate nature's next move. The sun, its most recognized friend, gets gobbled up by a dark grey monster roaming the sky. Within a few minutes the entire sky is filled with these stormy monsters, leaving the plant alone and helpless. The air, cold and biting, forces the plant down to the ground for warmth and refuge. The big grey monsters make loud noises and light up the sky with their powerfulness. Refusing to end their fun and games, the grey sky monsters spit on the little plant, softly at first, then more steadily until the little plant is crushed to the ground, begging for reprieve.

As if awakened from a dream, the small foliage rose to find the sun out and its world returned to normal. Somehow, everything looked different to the plant, as if it were seeing the world through new eyes. The grass glistened in the morning sun, and the trees looked as clean and fresh as a newborn baby. Everything sparkled, making the earth look like a diamond brooch with each plant a separate shining gem.

The tiny green plant never imagined that the world could look so new.

Leaning downward, the plant heard what appeared to be a tapping sound. At first barely audible, the sound now became quite intense. When the ground started shaking mildly, the now mature plant was quizzically focusing its attention on the earth below. Pushing its way through the soft, dampened earth, a new seedling stood up and greeted the new environment. The mature plant, now totally bewildered, looked up at the clear blue sky, stretched itself out, and marveled in the generation of new life that appeared to be the aftermath of the storm clouds that roam the sky.

Paula Peters

BENDING BACK

A cat is purring psychic hums
into the fire, recalling
Warmth. And I reflect
back on myself,

Just as the fire reflects
back on his eyes.

Warmth of youth, snug
with paws tucked under,
tail slightly twitching.

And then I see it,
like a pigeon, Life,
about to fly.

Adolescent, shaking like the cat,
I spring upon it!

When my claws retract, and I
sit back on trembling haunches,
In my mouth: one feather.

Overhead, and always out of
possession: Life,
wheeling, singing

against blue Time.

Bound after bound,
collecting feathers - enough
to fly, myself.

Jane Sullivan

THE UNICORN TO THE MUSE

I met a muse,
she sat sourly
upon a rotton branch
within a withering tree.
I asked her who
was there left to blame
if she stayed there.
She only muttered, "shame."

Both having agreed
that poetry was gone
we parted company,
though it was not for long.
Now they've also treed
Me, in all my shame.
And we are alone
And we are both the same.

Jane Sullivan

Latch the Door

Chisel
And gouge the wood
To suit unyielding latch
So inner works can mastermind
The knob.

Grove the
Jamb into a
Gaping mouth of sawdust
To set the shiny metal strike,
With lip.

Now close
The door snugly;
Don't think of sacrificed
Tree, with a mechanical heart
That locks.

Barbara Mary Johnson

THE MONTEREY PINES

The mistheld metalgray moon
drifts silent and free
While watery fingers clutch rooky crags
and pull them to the sea.

Deepgroaning sprayslapping waves
draw back, then storm the walls
While atop gray granite battlements
stand silent sentinels.

Edward Clark

I saw that chair
Mary said it was empty
I know better
rocking in the breeze
Thinking it was just a breeze
pushing it to and fro
God knows better
rocking in the breeze
God and I both saw
the angels playing
But everyone else only
saw it as a chair
rocking in the breeze

Marie Rushing

O WORLD

I AM

I AM HE

THE WOR D

O WORLD

I

I AM

HE

THE LI F E

I AM LI F E

O WORLD

I AM

I AM HE

THE LIGHT

I AM THE LIGHT WORLD

I AM

I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Patricia Harvey

Brother, why do we fight?
You can laugh,
cry,
whisper,
scream.

You can love,
hate,
smile,
frown.
Brother, if we share the same
emotions, why do we fight?

Nancy Gamboa

WHAT IS A FAMILY?

Denise Anderson

Contrary to dictionary definition, a family is much more than just a group of people related by blood. It is more than just a collection of brothers, sisters, and parents and more than just a group of people who live in the same house which they call home. Representing many types of experiences necessary to a person's life, the real meaning of "family" involves help and support, fun and humor, and a whole spectrum of emotions, ranging from anger to love.

To begin with, a family is a unit whose members cooperate to support each other in all possible ways. Although certain types of this support are not always voluntary, children learn responsibility by contributing to the family. For example, household chores obviously do not fall into the category of fun and interesting ways to spend time, but members of the family must cooperate to do these chores for the benefit of the whole family. Family support also comes in the form of the innumerable little favors that families provide, which one would not even consider asking of anyone but his closest friends. Families are great for quizzing a person studying for a big test, for accompanying a jogger who does not want to go alone, for giving unbiased opinions on a new hairstyle, and for not complaining when the musician of the family practices the same piano recital piece for weeks at a time. Families are also instrumental in giving backseat driver tips to the beginning driver, in waking up the sleepyhead on time rather than letting him oversleep, and in making a joke at the critical point when one must either laugh or cry. A family willingly serves as an audience while one practices a speech

or reads an essay to see how it sounds. Best of all, a family provides companionship whenever it is needed. Family members will accompany each other to movies or games so that one does not have to be alone, and they are always available for talking over both trivial and serious matters, for listening to last night's dream, and for sharing the joys and disappointments of life. A family is quick to notice hurt feelings and to ask about them (though not always tactfully). A family is a wealth of comfort, and its abundant source of support comes from the care each member receives and thus is able to give back into the whole family.

Besides offering help and support, a family provides the fun and humor every human being needs regularly. Ordinary events become amusing when comic brothers or sisters are present to add their witty comments. In a family, small things, like Jim's "polka dot pinky" pajamas he had when he was five, Bob's habit of taking candid photos at the most inopportune times, and Doug's terrible squeaks with the clarinet when he was first learning to play it, all add their touches of humor to the commonplace events of life. Younger brothers, who make up songs and sayings which they consider hilarious, and then repeat them day after day until the rest of the family is rather tired of them, contribute in their own ways to the family spirit. In some families, even keeping up with the housework can be humorous when one must deal with socks behind the piano, Hot Wheels under the refrigerator, and peanut butter smeared on the kitchen table as a reminder of the eight-year-old's recent peanut butter-cracker feast. Brothers and sisters who do housework can often think of ways to make the tasks fun, such as cleaning the house "sweepstakes" (as quickly as possible) when something more interesting is coming up after chores. At holidays and

during vacation time, family life is most enjoyable of all. For example, at Christmas, whisperings of whose presents are in what closet and murmurings of "What shall I get for Dad?" add excitement to the days, and one feels truly grateful for a large family with whom to share secrets and joys. On long car rides during vacations, spontaneous games and songs mingle with arguments and cries of "How many miles till we get there?" and "When is the next rest stop?" Family life is indeed a great provider of fun and laughter.

Finally, only in a family does one see the whole range of emotions of which a person is capable. Although anger and irritability often occur in interactions among family members, most families generally get along well and love each other, whether or not they admit it aloud. Among brothers and sisters, arguments of both small and large proportions arise frequently, the most common being in relation to whose turn it is for a certain task, or whose turn it is for privileges such as choice of TV shows, top bunk bed, or the shower. Other common arguments involve who the dog likes best, who is strongest, who happened to receive the biggest piece of cake, and who lost the key to the bike lock. Besides anger and irritability, family emotions at times also include frustration. One phenomenon about a family with many children is that one one ever seems to be guilty of anything. When parents question, "Who spilled the milk?" or "Who ate all the brownies?" the unanimous reply from the innocent children is usually either "I don't know" or just silence. Frustration also results from the habits of some members who neglect to take phone messages (even when it was a guy who called) or who borrow possessions and never return them. In spite of anger, arguments, and frustration, families are full of love and support when times are crucial. Family members are proud of each

other's accomplishments and never hesitate to boast about their sister's (or brother's, or parent's) latest triumph. In a family, one feels a constant sense of love and security and knows that no matter how many or how few friends he has, or how good or bad looking he is, he can always count on each member of his family to defend him and look at him with pride. That unconditional love is the basic element of a family.

The word "family," then, cannot be defined simply by a few words in a dictionary. To fully understand its meaning, one must realize that "family" is rather a sum of all the experiences in one's home, whether they be sad, funny, embarrassing, frustrating, or joyful. When a person leaves home to start his life on his own, he carries with him the ideas, beliefs, and emotions formed within him by his time with his family. Armed with this background and shielded by this family love, he is prepared for anything he can face in the "outside world."

I REMEMBER

I remember when I went away to school
All the times I was supposed to call you,
But I always forgot
I thought you would leave me, but you didn't.

I remember the dates we were supposed to have.
You would make arrangements ahead of time,
And then I would call to cancel them
I thought you would leave me, but you didn't.

I remember all the times you were there
When I really needed someone to talk to,
Yet I was always busy when you needed me
I thought you would leave me, but you didn't.

I remember all the kind and loving things
You did for me and calling to tell
You that I loved you
I thought you would answer, but you didn't.

Bonnie Garcia

THE WEDDING

Bonnie Garcia

It was one o'clock in the afternoon. Business had been slow for Miss Anderson, a woman in her late forties and owner of the small bridal shop. She was ready to close the shop when in came a young, beautiful woman and her fiance.

The young woman had dark brown hair, clear white skin, and the prettiest blue eyes Miss Anderson had ever seen. The woman had poise and grace which was becoming to her. She was very hard to please when at last Miss Anderson brought out a dress she had just received two days earlier.

"Finally I see a dress to match my taste!"

"Yes, I'm sure you'll look breath-taking in it," commented her fiance.

The woman tried on the dress and Miss Anderson made some adjustments to the dress. The dress would be altered and ready in two weeks' time.

The young man smiled and said, "Thank you for your time, Mrs. ?"

"It's Miss Anderson, I'm not married."

"Oh, but you should be, you're a very pretty woman.!"

"Thank you and good afternoon," Miss Anderson said, blushing.

Miss Anderson watched the couple leave the store and thought to herself, "To be young again!"

She closed the shop and walked to the bus stop. She began to think of the young woman and what her wedding would be like if she was getting married instead.

Her dress would be much like the one she had sold. It would be made of white satin and the train on her veil would be carried by two little boys. White sequins would be sewn on the skirt and the bodice would be heart-shaped. The sleeves would be made of a fine lace and the edges of the sleeves and hem would be trimmed with baby pearls.

The wedding itself would be huge. She would have a matron of honour and ten bridesmaids. There would be a ring bearer, a flower girl, and two boys to carry her train, of course. The church would be of enormous size, beautifully decorated. The altar and the surrounding area would be filled with flowers. The people in attendance would fill the entire church. Crowds of people would be waiting outside to get a glimpse of the handsome and happy couple. The most exciting part was yet to come.

The Wedding March would begin. She and her father would slowly walk down the aisle. In her hands would be a bouquet of white carnations, yellow roses, and babys' breath. Everyone would stand and stare in admiration at the elegance and loveliness of the bride. Her father would be very proud and would be complimented as they walked down. At last, she would reach the altar where her fiance would be standing. Her father would turn and face the priest...

Her thoughts were interrupted when the bus driver announced her street. She slowly walked down the aisle in the bus. Her thoughts were still on her wedding. A wedding she had planned for years, ever since she was a small girl. It was sad to know

that she would not be able to live through that experience, ever. As she stepped off the bus, she took a handkerchief out of her purse and dabbed away the tears in her eyes. Slowly, she began her walk home.

Poem 1

He sits at the piano pounding

out a
e y
m o
l
d

That his friends came to listen to.
Some stay, some leave,
The notes are unfamiliar,
The Song is to Eve.
She was a fool of his
Who wanted to be called Ms.
Now she a Mrs,
But this time not his'
The l y
m o is changed.
e
d

Poem 5

There once was a poet
Who did not know it
That rhymes were at the end.

She reversed the notion
Put everything in motion
And this is how it sounded.

See
Me
Tee, by the
Sea.
Gee.
Knee bent
Key eye and a
Bee, in the way, as small as a
Pea.
We paid our
Fee to
See
Me
Tee, so let me
Tee, you stupid
Bee!

Some,
Wise
Guys were winning a
Prize for
Ties made from different
Dyes but the
Sighs and
Cries, from a loser
Buys him Kleenex to dry his
Eyes.

Dorothy Breen

CHANGES

Birth, childhood, adulthood, death,
Sooner or later we all are them,
And we think they will never happen
But because we are "Human" living
"Things" and because "Human" living "things"
Always have them, it's very possible
That we'll have birth or death or something in between.

Birth and death, childhood and adulthood,
How opposite are they or are they the same?
If birth means coming into life
And death means the loss of it on earth,
If childhood is the time of being a child,
And adulthood is the time of being adult,
How opposite are they or are they the same?

Birth means alive while death means dead,
Childhood means infancy while adulthood means
maturity,
Isn't there a possibility they could be the same?
Although it's very possible, it's also impossible,
But nobody cares, because it's everybody's business
And everybody's business is nobody's affair.
So, finally, I would dare to say that they are not
the same.

Lillian Rodarte

KNOWLEDGE

The greatest gift I know
Is something you can be proud to
    have and show
Display it at every chance
Don't take it as something at just
    a glance.
It is something that can never
    be forsaken
For all time it is yours to keep.
You even have it in your sleep.
To let those you know feel you
    care
From time to time it is some-
    thing you share

Knowledge
KNOWLEDGE

Rosetta Williams

DIGNITY

He is ninety-four
Tired, weak and bed sore.
He does not understand,
Why he cannot be a man.

They feed him, wash him,
Why don't they talk to him?
His existence consists,
Of eating, sleeping, visits.

What happened to Dignity?

Stacie Stubenrauch

THOUGHT

A day or night like any other

But tonight, the air so crisp

The dew on every leaf

The white misty clouds of fog

Just drift on and on

Like my mind

Yes my mind, a drift

No thoughts, just dreaming

Dreaming of pleasant things

Things that have gone

Things that will come

Just dreams.....

Debbie Campbell

MIDNIGHT PROWLER

Lonely street light, shine alone in the street,
Lonely street night, where shadows will meet.

Looking over yonder holy tower where bells
ringing the midnight hour.
Getting ready, heart steady, for this unsteady
trade for which I'm not paid.
Along the night shadows I shall fade.

Our eyes met, my heart beating with a flash,
only to discover a cat in the trash.
Ever so careful while I am creeping,
praying within me that everyone's sleeping.

Being so careful so not to make any noise,
Feeling so careful, not to trip on any toys.
Silent footsteps, as I crawl along the floor;
feeling for a way, a way to the door.
So dark in here, so eerie so scary;
I wonder what this is, it's small, squeaks,
and hairy.

Will I go to jail? Go to prison for what
I have done?
Serve five to ten and promise never to
sin again?
They can't do much to me for what I did;
can't go to jail or to prison, I'm only
a kid.

It's hard for them to understand how
my feelings were hurt;
when they sent me to bed with no dessert.
Voices and footsteps approaches from afar;
Won't Mom be mad to find me in the
cookie jar?

Diana Cabral

A LIMERICK

To the Mount did a young girl come
All the teachers claimed she was dumb
She studied day and night
And finally realized her plight
Last week she flew home to her Mum.

Stacie Stubenrauch

WILLIE II

Ay Yai Yai ee
He cries
Hungry for his milk.

Pb Pb Pb. . .
He spits
Saying he is through

O U O O O . . .
He sighs
As on his father's lap
He sits.

Mary Anne Neil

7:30
Hush, Hush
the dorm is begging of you

Silence
the studies are calling you

Lower those tunes
for the others in the rooms

Whose turn for phones?
the ringing moans

The halls are darkened
but that don't stop the talk'in

The dark is falling
and the fog is rolling
come morning
we'll all be dragging
shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Red, White, and Blue
I'll vote for you
Republican or Democrat
I'll vote for you
Your promises are true
Commie or Capitalist
I don't care for you
Your promises won't come true
I have no sensitivity for you
You make my blood turn blue
The only way I'll vote for you
is if you point a gun or two
Oh! glad you took my suggestion
I'd be only too glad to vote for you

Marie Rushing